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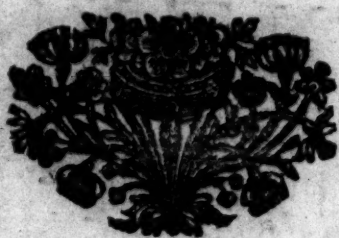


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THE



THE
NEW MINISTRY.

The *COUNTRY GIRL*,
An ODE.



THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young 'Squire grows
kind,
Doubts between Joy and Ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To Raptures now her Pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.
But when the Lover with his Prayers,
His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
Holds out his proffer'd Treasure;
She quite forgets her Fear and Shame;

And quits her Virtue, and Good-Name;
For Profit mixt with Pleasure.

So virtuous P——, who had long
By Speech, by Pamphlet, and by Song;
Held Patriotism's Steerage,
Yields to Ambition mixt with Gain,
A Treasury gets for H—— V——,
And for himself a Peerage.

Tho' with joint Lives and Debts before,
H——'s Estate was cover'd o'er,
This *Irish* Place repairs it;
Unless that Story should be true,
That he receives but Half his Due,
And the new Countess shares it.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other H——
Pays Half the Fees of Secretary
To B——'s ennobl'd Doxy;
If so ----- good Use of Pow'r she makes,
The Treasury of each Kingdom takes,
And holds them both by Proxy.

Whilst her dear L---d obeys his Summons,
And leaves the noisy H---- of C-----,
Amongst the L---- to nod;
Where, if he's better than of old,
His Hand, perhaps a Stick may hold,
But never more a Rod.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
As innocent as any P---

As prompt for any Jobb?
For now he's popular no more,
Has lost the Pow'r he had before,
And his best Friends the Mob.

Their

Their Fav'rites shon'dn't soar so high,
 They fail him when too near the Sky,
 Like *Icarus's* Wings ;
 And Popularity is such,
 As still is ruin'd by the Touch!
 Of gracious-giving Kings.

Here then, O B----- ! thy Empire ends,
 M-----le shall with his Tory Friends
 Soon better Days restore ;
 For *Enoch's* Fate and thine are one,
 Like him *translated*, thou art gone
 Ne'er to be heard of more.

The OLD COACHMAN,

A New Ballad.

WISE *Caleb* and C-----t, two Birds of a Feather,
 Went down to a Feast at N---'s together :
 No matter what Wines, or what choice of good Chear,
 'Tis enough that the Coachman had his Dose of Beer.
 Derry down, down, high derry down.

Coming Home, as the Liquor work'd up in his Pate
 The Coachman drove on at a damnable Rate :
 Poor C-----t, in Terror, and scar'd all the while,
 Cry d, " Stop ! Let me out ! Is the Dog an *Argyle* ?
 Derry down, &c.

But he soon was convinc'd of his Error ; for, lo,
John stoppt short in the Dirt, and no further would go.
 When C-----t saw this, he observ'd with a Laugh ;
 " This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord
 Bath."
 Derry down, &c.

Now the Peers quit their Coach, in a pitiful Plight,
 Deep in Mire, and in Rain, and without any Light;
 Not a Path to pursue, nor to guide them a Friend;
 What Course shall they take then, and how will this
 end?

Derry down, &c.

Lo! Chance the great Mistress of human Affairs,
 Who governs in Councils, and conquers in Wars;
 Strait with Grief at their Case (for the Goddess well knew,
 That these were her Creatures, and Votaries true:)

Derry down, &c.

This *Chance* brought a Passenger quick to their Aid.
 Honest Friend, can you drive?-----What should ail
 me? he said.

For many a bad Season, thro' many a bad Way,
 Old O--f--d I've driven, without stop or stay.

Derry down, &c.

He was once over turn'd, I confess, but nor hurt:
 Quoth the Peers, it was we help'd him out of the Dirt:
 This Boon to thy Master, then prithee requite,
 Take us up, or here we must wander all Night.

Derry down, &c.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin,
 Drove away for St. James's, and brought them safe in,
 Learn hence, honest Britons, in spite of your Pains,
 That O---d, old Coachman, still governs the Reins,
Derry down, down, high derry down.

Labour in Vain.

A SONG, an Hundred Years old,

To the Tune of *Molly Mogg.*

YE Patriots, who twenty long Years
Have struggled our Rights to maintain:
View the End of your Labours and Fears,
And see them all ended in Vain.

Behold! in the Front stands your Hero,
Behind him his Patriot Train:
Hear him rail at a Tyrant and Nere;
Yet his Railing all ended in Vain.

Then let him attack a Conyention,
And calling for Vengeance on *Spain*:
What Pity such noble Contention
And Spirit should end all in Vain!!

That the Place-Bill he got for the Nation,
Was only a Shadow, is plain:
For now 'tis a clear Demonstration,
The Substance is ended in Vain.

His bloody and horrible Vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers such Pain,
No longer alarms them now,
For his Threats are all ended in Vain.

What though the Committee have found,
That *Or---*'s a Traitor in Grain;
Yet wiser than they may compound,
And Justice be ended in Vain.

How certain would be our Undoing,
Should the People their Wilhes obtain?

'Then to save us from Danger of Ruin,
He has ended our Wishes in Vain.

Then let us give Thanks, and be glad,
That he knew how our Passion to rein,
And wisely prevented the Bad,
By ending the Good all in Vain.

About *Brutus* let *Rome* disagree,
We won't from our Praises refrain;
Our *Brutus* has more Cause than he
To declare even Virtue in Vain.

Three Thousand five Hundred a Year
He valu'd it not of a Grain;
His Scorn of such Filth is most clear,
Since that too he ended in Vain.

Corruption he hates like a Toad,
And he calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd T.....s, his Virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

He rejects all Employments and Places,
And thinks ev'ry Pension a Stain:
Yet T.....s, with their damn'd sly Faces,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

In spite of his Caution and Care,
To avoid the Appearance of Gain,
Say those Tories, his Wife has a Share,
And all is not ended Vain.

A New ODE.

To a great Number of Great Men, newly
made.

Jam nova Progenies.————

By the Author of, The COUNTRY MAID.

SEE a new Progeny descends
From Heav'n, of *Britain's* truest Friends;
O, Muse, attend my Call!
To one of these direct thy Flight,
Or to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O, *Clio*! these are Golden Times;
I shall get Money for my Rhimes,
And thou no more go tatter'd:
Make haste then, lead the Way, begin,
For here are People just come in,
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to C----t fain you'd sing
Indeed he's nearest to the K----
Yet careless how you use him:
Give him, I beg, no labour'd Lays;
He will but *promise*, if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast Space betwixt)
The new-made Earl of B---- comes next,
Stiff in his popular Pride:
His Step, his Gait, describe the Man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from Side to Side.

Each Hour a diff'rent Face he wears,
 Now in a Fury, now in Tears,
 Now laughing, now in Sorrow ;
 Now he'll command, and now obey,
 Bellows for Liberty To-day,
 And roars for Pow'r To-morrow.

At Noon the Tories had him tight,
 With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at Night,
 Each Party try'd t' have won him ;
 But he himself did so divide,
 Shuffl'd and cut from Side to Side,
 That now both Parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,
 Who at the long'd-for Money-Board
 Sits first, but does not lead :
 His younger Brethren all Things make ;
 So that the T-----y's like a Snake,
 And the Tail moves the Head.

Why did you cross God's good Intent ?
 He made you for a Pr---f---t ;
 Back to that Station go :
 Nor longer act this Farce of Pow'r,
 We know you miss'd the Thing before,
 And have not got it now.

See valiant C-----m, val'rous S---r,
 Britain's two Thunder Bolts of War,
 Now Strike my ravish'd Eye :
 But, oh ! their Strength and Spirits flown,
 They, like their conqu'ring Swords, are grown
 Rusty with lying by.

Dear, *Bat*. I'm glad you've got a Place,
 And since Things thus have chang'd their Face,
 You'll give Opposing o'er ;
 'Tis comfortable to be in,
 And think what a damn'd while you've been,
 Like *Peter* at the Door.

See who comes next---I kiss thy Hands,
But not in Flattery, S---l S---s;

For since you are in Power,
That gives you Knowledge, Judgment, Parts;
The Courtier's Wiles, the Statesman's Arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending Danger shook
Its State, old *Rome* Dictators took
Judiciously from Plough:
So they (but a Pinch thou knowest)
To make the Highest of the Lowest,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your Hands the Seals you found,
Did it not make your Brain go round?

Did it not turn your Head?
I fancy (but you hate a Joke)
You felt as *Nell* did when she 'woke
In Lady *Loverule's* Bed.

See *H---y V---e* in Pomp appear,
And, since he's made *V---e-T---r*,

Grown taller by some Inches;
See *Tw---* follow *C---t's* Call;

See *Hanoverian G---r* and all
The black Funereal *F---s*.

And see with that important Face
Beranger's Clerk, to take his Place,

Into the *T---y* come;
With Pride and Meanness act thy Part,
Thou look'st the very Thing thou art,
Thou *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Oh! my poor Country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd Fall
Of *Wa---le* and his Tools?

He was a Knave indeed---what then?
 He'd Parts---but this new Ser of Men
 A'n't only Knaves, but Fools.

More Changes, better Times, this Isle
 Demands; oh! *Chesterfield, Argyle,*
 To bleeding *Britain* bring 'em:
 Unite all Hearts, appease each Storm,
 'Tis yours such Actions to perform,
 My Pride shall be to sing 'em.

The CAPUCIN.

*A New BALLAD. To the Tune of, Ye Commons
 and Peers.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus, & est mihi sepe vocandus.

WHO at *Paris* has been,
 Has a *Mendicant* seen,
 Who for for Charity follows to dun you,
 Offer him what you will,
 He refuses it still;
 For he's sworn that he'll never take Money.

But near him there stands,
 With two open Hands,
 A Creature that follows for Hire,
 Any Gifts that you make
 He'll readily take;
 And at Night he accounts with the Fryar.

So the great E--- of B---,
 Has sworn in his Wrath,
 That he'll never accept of a Place;
 Neither Chancellor he,

Nor Treas'rer will be,
And refuses the Seals and the Mace.

But near him * a Croud,
Stand bellowing aloud,
For all that two Courts can afford ;
And 'tis very well known,
That for them what is done,
Is the same as if done for my Lord.

But I'm told, noble Peer,
Lest these Things should take Air,
And with Dirt all Mankind should upbraid ye,
That you try a new Way,
['Tis as safe I dare say]
And make them account with my Lady.

But indeed this won't do;
And the World will see through,
And your *Virtue* (I fear) will bespatter :
Then mind what I send,
For I'm so far your Friend,
That I'm sure you can't say that I flatter.

There's my good Lord of G---r
I'n't a Quarter come o'er,
And I fancy you'll find he wants Zeal ;
If he don't come plum in,
And vote through Thick and Thin,
Turn him out, and be made P---y S---l.

Don't slight this Advice,
Nor affect to be nice,

* Crowd. Here every intelligent Reader will immediately have in his Thoughts eight or ten of the ablest Men and greatest Genius's in this Kingdom ; such as H. V——, H. F——se, L——d L——k, Mr. H——t, Mr. S——l S——s, Mr B——tle, Mr. G——n, Sir J. R——t, &c. &c. &c

Laugh at Oaths that obstruct your great End ;
 For an Oath's but a Joke,
 To one that has broke
 Through all Honour and Tyes with his Friends.

Go to C---t---t and P---l---m,
 You'll still go on, tell 'em,
 All honest Mens Hopes to defeat ;
 To crown your Disgrace
 They'd give you this Place,
 And your Character will be compleat.

AN ODE,

Humbly inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
 W——— E——— of B———.

*Neque enim lex justior ulla,
 Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.
 Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
 Istibus crebris juvenes protervi :
 Nec tibi somnos adimunt : amatque
 Janua limen.*

Ec. Ec. Ec. HOR. Lib. 1. Od. xxv.

GREAT E--- of B---- your Reign is o'er,
 The Tories trust your Word no more,
 The Whigs no longer fear ye ;
 Your Gates are seldom now unharr'd,
 No Crowds of Coaches fill your Yard,
 And scarce a Soul comes near ye.
 Few now aspire at your good Graces,
 Scarce any sue to you for Places,
 Or come with their Petition,

To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd,
For you in Opposition.

Expect to see that Tribe no more,
Since all Mankind perceive that Pow'r
Is lodg'd in other Hands:
Sooner to C--t--t now they'll go,
Or ev'n [though that's excessive low]
To W--lm--t--n and S--s.

With your *obedient* Wife retire,
And sitting silent by the Fire,
A sullen *tête à tête*;
Think over all you've done or said,
And curse the Hour that you were made
Unprofitably Great.

With Vapours there, and Spleen o'ercast,
Reflect on all your Actions past,
With Sorrow and Contrition;
And there enjoy the Thoughts that rise
From disappointed Avarice,
From frustrated Ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting Friends complain,
That visit you no more:
But in this Country 'tis a Truth,
As known as that Love follows Youth,
That Friendship follows Pow'r.

Such is the Calm of your Retreat!
You through the Dregs of Life must sweat
Beneath this heavy Load;
And I'll attend you, as I've done,
Only to help Reflection on,
With now and then an Ode.

The RIDDLE EXPLAIN'D:

O R,

A certain late Extraordinary Promotion to a P——ge
accounted for.

—— *Concor's discordia* —— OVID.

TO some 'tis strange that equal Honours now
 Shou'd grace a *W---*'s and a *P---*'s Brow!
 That *THEY*, who long with unrelenting Hate,
 At Heads of disagreeing Parties sate;
 Who Wars continual, in *St. S-----*'s, wag'd,
 Led on the Hosts, and with such Heat engag'd;
 That *THEY*, so widely diff'rent shou'd deserve,
 From the same *P----* (whom but one seem'd to serve)
 The same Reward! But, ah! they little know
 The Wiles of *C-----*rs who can reason so!
 Believe me, Friends, the RIDDLE's soon explain'd:
 " On Rival Schemes intent themselves they feign'd,
 " Which others really were; and by this Shew
 " Of mutual Enmity, they wisely drew
 " Both Sides into their Snares, of Both the Secrets
 " knew;
 " Still Seeming Diff'rent, still in Fact the Same,
 " Into Each Others Hands they play'd the Game;
 " The Self-same Ends pursu'd, by Various Means,
 " *ONE* on the Stage, and *ONE* behind the Scenes.

A B A L L A D.

In Imitation of William and Margaret.

Address'd to the **** *

'T WAS at the Hour, when guiltless Care
Is lull'd in soft Repose ;
When nothing wakes, save fell *Despair* !
Beset with cureless Woes.

Inviting Sleep, lo ! *William* lay
The Down he vainly prest :
Honour, alas ! had soar'd away,
And Shame had poison'd Rest !

B...t...ia, with that stern Regard
That conscious Worth puts on,
Before his frantick Eye appear'd,
And pierc'd him with a Groan !

Her Cheek had lost its rosy Bloom !
And languid roll'd her Eye !
This once cou'd brighten midnight Gloom !
That, shame the *Tyrian* Dye !

The Laurel-Wreath, by Glory's Hand,
Twin'd round her awful Brow,
As what her Grief and Rage disdain'd,
She rent in Fury now.

Away she hurl'd her boasted Shield,
Away her useless Spear :
What Joys to Slaves can Trophies yield ?
What Pride the Pomp of War ?

Behold the dire Effects (she cry'd)
Of *William's* perjur'd Troth !

Behold the Orphan, who rely'd
On a false Guardian's Oath!

How cou'd thou with a Lover's Zeal,
My widow'd Cause espouse,
Yet quit that Cause thou servd'st so well,
In scorn of all thy Vows?

How cou'dst thou swear, Wealth, Titles, Pow'r
Thy Candour wou'd disclaim?
Yet barter, in an evil Hour,
That Candour for a *Name*?

How cou'dst thou win my easy Heart
A Patriot to believe?
How cou'd I know, but by the Smart,
A Patriot wou'd deceive?

Bethink thee of thy broken Trust!
Thy *Vows* to me unpaid!
Thy Honour humbled in the Dust!
Thy Country's Weal betray'd!

For this may all my Vengeance fall
On thy devoted Head!
Living, be thou the Scorn of all!
The Curse of all when dead!

This said, while Thunder round her broke,
She vanish'd into Air;
And *William's* Horror, while she spoke,
Was follow'd by Despair.

The STATESMAN.

*Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio?*

Quem deum? &c. HOR. Lib. I. Ode 12.

PART I.

WHAT Statesman, what Hero, what King,
Whose Name thro' the Island is spread,
Will you chuse, O my *Clio*, to sing,
Of all the great Living or Dead?

Go, my Muse, from this Place to *Japan*,
In search of a Topic for Rhyme:
The Great E.... of B..... is the Man,
Who deserves to employ your whole Time.

But, howe'er, as the Subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with Matter;
May it please you to take my Advice,
That you mayn't be suspected to flatter.

When you touch on his L—— p's high Birth,
Speak *Latin*, as if you were tipsy;
Say, we are all Sons of the Earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a *Jew*;
Yet attempt not to reckon his Bounties.
You may say, he is married; that's true:
Yet speak not a Word of his C—— s.

Leave a Blank here and there in each Page,
To enrol the fair Deeds of his Youth!
When you mention the Acts of his Age,
Leave a Blank for his Honour and Truth!

Say, he made a great M—— h change Hands ;

He spake----and the Minister fell.

Say, he made a great Statesman of S—— s ;

(O that he had taught him to spell !)

Then enlarge on his Cunning and Wit :

Say, how he harangu'd at the *Fountain* :

Say, how the old Patriots were bir,

And a Mouse was produc'd by a Mountain.

Then say, how he mark'd the New Year,

By encreasing our Taxes and Stocks :

Then say, how he chang'd to a P—— r,

Fit Companion for E—— be and F—— x.

A New ODE.

Quis multa gracilis te Puer in rosa

Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro? HOR. Od. 5. Lib. 1.

WHAT (good L--- d B---) prim Patriot now;
With courtly Graces wooes thee ?

And from St. Stephen's C—— l to

The H—— of L---ds pursues thee ?

How gay and debonair you'e grown ?

How pleas'd with what is past !

Your Title has your Judgment shewn,

And Choice of Friends your Taste.

With sparkling Wit to entertain,

Yourself and your good C—— s,

You've hit on sweet-lipp'd H---y V---e,

And high-bred H---y F---se.

But, to direct th' Affairs of State,
 What Genius's you've taken!
 Their Talents like their Virtues great!
 Or all the World's mistaken!

The Task was something hard, 'tis true,
 Which you had on your Hands,
 So, to please P----- and People too,
 You wisely pitch'd on S-----.

O *Britain*! never any thing
 Could so exactly hit you!
 His Mein and Manners charm'd the -----,
 His Parts amaz'd the City.

But to make all Things of a Piece,
 And end as you begun;
 To find a Genius such as his!
 What was there to be done?

O where----where were they to be found!
 Such Stars but rare appear!
 Dart not their Rays on ev'ry Ground,
 Gild ev'ry Hemisphere.

But you, with astronemick Eyes,
 Not *Tycho Brahe*'s more true,
 From far spy'd some bright Orbs arise!
 And brought them to our View.

Sir *J---n*'s clear Head, and Sense profound,
 Blaz'd out in P-----;
G-----n, for Eloquence renown'd,
 To grace the C---t you sent.

To these congenial Souls you join'd
 Some more, as choice and proper,
 Bright *B---tle*! Darling of Mankind!
 Good *L-----k* and sage *H-----r*.

Such Virtue and such Wisdom shone,
 In ev'ry chosen Spirit !
 All Men at least this Truth must own,
 Your nice Regard to Merit !

What Pray'rs and Praise to you belong,
 For this blest Reformation !
 Thou Joy of ev'ry Heart and Tongue !
 Thou Saviour of the Nation !

O *W---le*, *W---le*, blush for Shame,
 With all your Tools around you !
 Does not each glorious Patriot Name
 Quite dazzle and confound you ?

Had you fought out this Patriot Race,
 Triumphant still you'd been ;
 By only putting them in Place,
 You had yourself kept in.

The Patriots are Come ;

O R, A

Doct'or for a Crazy Constitution.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Derry down.*

O H! *E---g---d* attend while thy Fate I deplore,
 Rehearsing the Schemes and the Conduct of Pow'r ;
 And since only of those who have Power, I sing ;
 I'm sure none can think I hint at the—

Derry down.

From the time his S---n made him Old *Robin* depose,
 All the Power of a ---- he was well known to lose;
 But of all, but the Name and the Badges bereft,
 Like Old Women his Paraphonalia are left.

Derry down.

To tell how he shook in St. *J---s's* for fear,
 When first these New M ---- rs bully'd him there,
 Makes my blood boil with Rage to reflect what a Thing
 They made of a Man we obey as a ----

Derry down.

Whom they pleas'd they put in, whom they pleas'd
 they put out,
 And just like a Top they all lash'd him about;
 Whilst he like a Top, with a murmuring Noise,
 Seem'd to grumble, but turn'd to these rude lashing
 Boys.

Derry down.

At last C---- arriving thus spoke to his Grief,
 If you'll make me your Doctor, I'll bring you Relief;
 You see to your Closet familiar I come,
 And seem, like my Wife, in the Circle at home.

Derry down.

Quoth the----, my Good L----d, perhaps you've
 been told,
 'That I us'd to abuse you a little of Old;
 But now bring who you will, and eke turn away,
 Let me and my Money and *W... d...n* stay.

Derry down.

For you and *W... d...n*, I freely consent,
 But as for your Money, I must have it spent
 I have promis'd your S---n (nay no Frowns) shall have
 some,

Nor think 'tis for nothing we Patriots are come.

Derry down.

But howe'er little ——— since I find you are so good,
Thus stooping below your high Courage and Blood:
Put yourself in my Hands, and I'll do what I can,
To make you look yet like a ——— and a Man.

Derry down.

At the A····· and your T····· Board,
To save one single Man, you shan't say a Word,
For by G····d all your Rubbish from both you shall
shoot,

W····p····'s Cyphers entire, and G····ry's to boot.

Derry down.

And to guard P····es Ears as all St····f ···n take Care,
So as long as yours are, not one Man shall come near;
For of all your Old Crew, we leave only those
Who we know never dare to say boh! to a Goose.

Derry down.

So your Friend booby G····n I'll e'en let you keep,
Awake he can't hurt, and is still half asleep;
Nor ever was dangerous, but to Womankind,
And his Body's as Impotent now as his Mind.

Derry down.

There's another C····t Booby at once hot and dull;
Your pious Pimp S····z a mean H····r Fool,
For your Card-play at Night he too shall remain,
With virtuous and sober, and wise D····ne.

Derry down.

And for your C····t Not —; who can't write or read,
As of such Titt'd Cyphers all C····ts stand in need;
Who like P····t Swisses vote and fight for their
Pay;

They're as good as a new Sett, to cry yea and nay.

Derry down.

Tho' N···· is as false as he's silly I know,
By betraying Old Robin to me long ago;

As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I'll leave him in Place, but I'll leave him no Pow'r.

Derry down.

For granting his Heart is as black as his Hat,
With no more Truth in This, than there's Sense be-
neath That;

Yet as he's a C——d he'll shake when I frown;
You call'd him once R——l, I'll treat him like one.

Derry down.

And since his Estate at E——n's he'll spend,
And beggar himself without making a Friend;
So whilst the extravagant F——l has a Soufe,
As his Brains I can't fear, his Fortune I'll use.

Derry down.

And as Miser H—— with all C——rs will draw,
He too may remain, but shall stick to his Law;
For of F——gn Affairs, when he talks like a Fool,
I'll laugh in his Face, and cry go to School.

Derry down.

The Countess of W——n, like your Old Nurse,
I'll trust at the T——y not with its Purse,
For nothing by her I'm resolv'd shall be done,
She shall sit at that Board, as you sit on the T——e.

Derry down.

Perhaps now you expect that I shou'd begin
To tell you the Men I design to bring in;
But we've not yet determin'd on all their Demands,
And you'll know soon enough when they come to kiss
H——ds.

Derry down.

All that Weather cock P——y shall ask we must
grant,

For to make him a N——e, for nothing, I want;
And to cheat such a Man demands all my Arts,
For tho' he's a Fool, he's a Fool with great Parts.

Derry down.

And as popular *Clodius*, the P——y of *Rome*,
 From a Noble, for Pow'r did Plebeian become :
 So this *Clodius* to be a Patrician shall chuse,
 Till what one got by changing, the other shall lose.

Derry down.

Thus flatter'd, and courted, and gaz'd at by all,
 Like *Phaeton* rais'd for a Day, he shall fall,
 Put the World in a Flame, and shew he did strive
 To get Reins in his Hand, tho' 'tis plain he can't drive.

Derry down.

For your F——gn Affairs, howe'er they turn out,
 At least I'll take care you shall make a great Rout ;
 Then cock your great Hat, strut, bounce, and look
 bluff,
 For tho' kick'd and cuff'd here, you shall there kick and
 cuff.

Derry down.

That *W—p—e* did nothing they all used to say,
 So I'll do enough, but I'll make the Dogs pay :
 Great Fl——ts I'll provide, great A——mies engage,
 Whate'er Debts we make, or whate'er Wars we wage.

Derry down.

With Cordials like these, the M——'s new Guest
 Reviv'd his sunk Spirits, and gladden'd his Breast,
 Till in Raptures he cry'd, my dear L——d you
 shall do

Whatever you will, give me T——ps to r——w.

Derry down.

But, Oh, my dear Country ! since this is thy State,
 Who is there that loves thee, but weeps at thy Fate ;
 Since in changing thy Masters thou'rt just like old
Rome,

With Faction, Opp——ss——n and Sl——v——y thy Doom.

Derry down.

For tho' you have made that Rogue *W*——e retire,
 You're out of the Frying-pan into the Fire ;
 But since to the Protestant Line I'm a Friend,
 I tremble to think where these Ch——ges may end.
Derry down.

A P I C T U R E,

Humbly inscrib'd to him who may most
 properly be call'd an *Original*.

Ab Avaritia & mala Ambitione laborat.

HOR. SAT.

—— Omnes

Vicini oderunt noti, pueri atque puella.

Miraris ?

Ibid.

Heu patiar telis vulnera facta meis.

OVID. in Ep.

LIVES there a Man for no one Merit fam'd,
 For ev'ry Vice and ev'ry Weakness blam'd,
 Without Contempt or Censure never nam'd;
 Whom none esteem, love, like, or will defend,
 Without a Follow'r, Advocate, or Friend;
 Who never is sincere, yet can't deceive,
 As none his Word or branded Vows believe;
 Who by long Use has brought his spungy Eye,
 Like blub'ring Women, when he lists, to cry,
 The certain Mark he's telling you a Lye:
 Who foolishly believing all Mankind,
 Because on some he had impos'd, were blind;
 Has shown the World, by stretching the Deceit,
 He's both a private and a publick Cheat:

E

Pleading the Statute, to avoid a Debt,
 The strictest Promise feigning to forget;
 And by a Friend entrusted, to their Cost,
 Pretending Deeds, which he had hid, were lost:
 Who long a verbal Rebel to the State,
 Teaching a Mob all Government to hate,
 At once became an Advocate for Pow'r,
 Stooping from those he'd injur'd to implore
 Favours, which never to accept, he swore.
 Till, hoping by his coarse, transparent Arts,
 To reign at Court, and in the People's Hearts,
 By one rewarded, by the other priz'd,
 He is by both detested and despis'd:
 With the Reproaches of all Parties stunn'd,
 For the Performance of his Perjuries dunn'd;
 And now by Men of all Denominations shunn'd.
 Mankind convinc'd, that in his Height of Fame,
 Fraud was his Practice, Int'rest all his Aim:
 His ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Thought apply'd,
 To feed his Avarice and swell his Pride:
 Thus his short Dream of vanish'd Grandeur o'er,
 Despoil'd of Reputation, stript of Pow'r,
 He proves himself the only Dupe at last;
 For tho' unhang'd, for Transportation cast,
 In an enobled Colony he's plac'd,
 To drudge for those by whom he's thus disgrac'd;
 And with an *Alias* to his alter'd Name,
 Like pillory'd Forgers, only rais'd to Shame.

If of this Picture all the Lines are true,
 The Name at Bottom none can want to view;
 For tho' there's *one* such Man, there can't be *two*.

Another PICTURE.

PEACE and the Man I sing, the first who brought
 The Fleet of *England*, and her Trade to Nought;
 From one Expedient to another toss'd,
 In each Attempt by Land and Ocean cross'd,
 Who, into great and various Perils cast,
 Safely arriv'd on O--f--'s Shore at last.

Say Goddess, say, or Witch or Wizard tell,
 Inspire me Heav'n, or O! assist me Hell,
 O! lend your Aid the wond'rous Man to draw,
 As strange a Monster as the World e'er saw,
 Who, without Worth, above all Worth could rise,
 Who, without Wisdom, could defeat the Wise;
 Who, tho' a Beggar's Brat, could drag along
 His Slave, in Golden Chains, and bind the Strong;
 Ignoble he could noble make the Clown,
 And weak himself could pull the Mighty down.

Rais'd from the Dung, by his omnific Pow'r,
 The filthiest Weed becomes a gaudy Flow'r:
 Strangers to Virtue, to all Arts unknown,
 Whom *Tyburn* had begun to call her own,
 Uprise beneath his undiscerning Eye,
 To stand with Princes, and with Nobles vie.
 On Beauty's Breast repos'd, on Roses laid,
 The Sense indulging with the venal Maid,
 Or now intent on Frolic, Song, and Dance,
 Exhilarated with the Wine of *France*,
 Aukward in Joy, the Russians pass their Hours,
 Basking (whom Nature meant for Sties) in Bow'rs.

O! *Chesterfield*, for *England*'s Honour horn,
 Whom Wit, whom Art, and public Faith, adorn,
 Upon whose Breast, with undiminish'd Rays,
 One Star of *Edward* yet is seen to blaze;

O! thou, who ne'er wilt give thy Glories up,
 Thou who hast still refrain'd from *Circe's* Cup,
 Deign, as before thou'st been, once more to be,
 The Pride, the Guardian, of my Song and me:
 Sweet then the Verse shall flow, and *Attic* Fire
 Glow in each Line Line, and ev'ry Muse inspire.

A Lamentable CASE.

Submitted to the Barⁿ Physicians.

YE fam'd Physicians of this Place,
 Hear *Strephon's* and poor *Chloe's* Case,
 Nor think that I am joking;
 When she wou'd, he can not comply,
 When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry;
 And is not this provoking?

At Night, when *Strephon* comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her Breast,
 With fondly-folding Arms:
 Down, down he hangs his drooping Head,
 Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
 Neglecting all her Charms.

Reviving when the Morn returns,
 With rising Flames young *Strephon* burns,
 And fain, wou'd fain be doing:
 But *Chloe* now, asleep or sick,
 Has no great Relish for the Trick,
 And sadly baulks his Wooing.

O cruel and disast'rous Case,
 When in the critical Embrace
 That only One is burning!

Dear Doctors, set this Matter right,
Give *Strephon* Spirits over Night,
Or *Chloe* in the Morning.

A Right Honourable DIALOGUE.

C. **T**O the *Earl* says the *Countess*, What makes you
so dull ?

E. Because for your *Ladyship* I've play'd the Fool.

Co. For *Me*, do you say, Sir ? Your *Lordship* you mean.

E. Ay,---Curse the damn'd *Title*, 'tis That gives me
Spleen.

Co. You've no Sense of *Honour*, no Notions of *Glory*.

E. Yours are--*Polly W--e* should not *Rank* before ye.
But more *Honour* w'd had, been *Happier* still,
Had You been plain *Madam*, and I been plain *Will*.

SCOTCH Taste on VISTA'S.

OLD *I---y*, to shew a most elegant Taste
In improving his Gardens, purloin'd from the
Waste ;

And order'd his Gard'ner to open his Views,
By cutting a couple of grand Avenues.

With secret Delight he saw the first View end

In his favourite Prospect, a Church --- that is ruin'd :

But what should the next to his Lordship exhibit ?

'Twas the terrible Sight of a Rogue and a Gibber.

A View so ungrateful then taught him to muse on,

Full many a C---p---ll had dy'd with his Shoes on.

All amaz'd and aghast, at the ominous Scene,

He order'd it strait to be shut up again,

With a Clump of *Scotch* Firs by Way of a Screen.

BROGLIO'S Breeches.

WHEN erst the gallant *Koningsegg*
 (As in the News we've read from *Hague*)
 Had storm'd poor *Broglia's* Quarters ;
 A fierce *Hussar* seiz'd on the Chief,
 As he was saving, with his Life,
 His Breeches and his Garters.
 Disturbing a Marshal of *France* in the Night,
 Is not *à-la-mode à Paris*, or polite.
 Who're you ? quoth th' *Hussar*, Monsieur shook,
 Said I'm his Excellency's Cook ;
 No Follower of the Drum.
Hounds-foot ! replies the *German* quick,
 Begone with thar ; so with a Kick
 Salutes the Marshal's Bum.
 Disgraceful ! of War how capricious the Chance !
 A *German Hussar* kicks a Marshal of *France*.
 But *Broglia*, say, wou'dst not be glad,
 In spite of all thy *Gastronade*,
 Sans Breeches or a Rag,
 To be as fairly now dismiss'd,
 By such another kicking Jest,
 From young *Lorraine* and *Prague* ?
 Since thus one is drove to so piteous a Taking.
 Who the De'il would again go an Emperor-making ?

*A Receipt to make a P---R, occasioned by the Report
 of the late Pr---m---t---n.*

TAKE a Man who by Nature's a true Son of Earth,
 By Rapine enrich'd, tho' a Beggar by Birth ;
 Of Genius the lowest, ill bred and obscene,
 Of Morals most wicked, most nasty in Mien ;

By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd,
 In Blunders most fertile, of Merit quite void;
 A Scold in the Senate, abroad a Buffoon;
 The Scorn and the Jest of all C---ts but his own;
 A Slave to that Wealth which ne'er made him a Friend,
 And proud of that Cunning which ne'er gain'd an End;
 A Dupe in each Tr---y, a *Swiss* in each Vote,
 In Manners and Form a compleat *Hottentot* :
 Such a one could you find, of all Men I'd commend him,
 But before let the Curse of each *Br---t---n* attend him.
 Thus sily prepar'd, add the Grace of a Th---ne,
 The Folly of M---n---chs, and Screen of a Cr---n :
 Take a Pr---ce for this purpose without Ears or Eyes,
 And a long Parchment P---t---t stuff brimful of Lies;
 These mingled together, a *Fiat* shall pass,
 And a Thing strut a P---r, that before was an Ass.
Probatum est.

—— *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.* HOR.

SHALL these mad Efforts of indignant Foes,
 My Name to blacken, break my Mind's Repose ?
 What's the base murmur'ing of the People's Breath
 To the high Sounds of L---d and E---l of B--- ?
 In their fierce *Patriot* Fits they roar and rave,
 And call me *Hypocrite*, and call me *Knave*.
 But I who P-----y was, am P-----y still;
 In *Form* though varying, fixt in *Principle* ;
 The Principle from which I ne'er did swerve,
 Has ever urg'd me my dear *Self* to serve.
 With Titles honour'd, with huge Wealth increas'd,
 My Pride I pamper, and my Av'rice feast :
 Let Patriots for themselves unskill'd to crave,
 For Sake of *Virtue*, Sake of *Justice* starve :
 High-joy'd I smile, when they frown on my Ways ;
 And while they hiss me, clap to my own Praise.

AN EPIGRAM.

SIR Thomas of Wentworth, inflexibly good,
 Had long Ministerial Power withstood:
 At length thro' Ambition, an Earl he was made;
 So first lost his Friends, and then lost his Head.
 O P———! consider, like his thy Condition,
 How great and how glorious thy long Opposition:
 Thou art now made an Earl, have a Care of thy Head,
 Our Pyms and our Hampdens are not all of 'em dead.

The PIN. AN EPIGRAM.

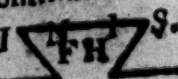
AS Nature H——y's Clay was blending,
 Uncertain what her Work should end in,
 Whether in Female or in Male,
 A Pin dropp'd in, and turn'd the Scale.

PHYSICK and CARDS.

PHYSICK each Morn is T——r's Care,
 Each Night she plays a Pool?
 One helps her to an easy Chair,
 The other to a Stool.

AN EPIGRAM, dropt in a Glass at a certain Ballof.

THY Horse, like thee, does things by Halves;
 Thou, through Irresolution,
 Hurrt'st Friends and Foes, thyself and me,
 The K——g and Constitution.

F I  S.

MUSEVM
 BRITANNICVM

